

J. J. Lewis

The Athens Post.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

ATHENS, TENN., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1853.

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TERMS:

THE POST is published every Friday at \$2 per year, payable in advance, or \$3, if payment is delayed until the expiration of the year. Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 12 lines, or less, for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. Persons sending advertisements must mark the number of times they desire them inserted, or they will continue until forbidden and charged accordingly. For announcing the names of candidates for office, \$3, Cash. J. W. Jones, such as Pamphlets, Minutes, Circulars, Cards, Blanks, Handbills, &c., will be executed in a neat and workmanlike manner, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. All letters addressed to the Proprietor, post paid, will be promptly attended to. Persons at a distance sending in the names of four solvent subscribers, will be entitled to a fifth copy gratis. No communication inserted unless accompanied by the name of the author. Office on Main street, next door to the old Jackson Hotel.

THE POST.

Athens, Friday, Oct. 21, 1853.

WE observe in the Senate proceedings that the Secretary of State has made a report to the Senate of the vote cast for the proposed amendments to the constitution, and the vote cast for representatives. The aggregate, according to this report, are—

Whole No. of votes.	118,270
For the election of Judges, &c., by the people.	68,676
For the new counties.	55,375

According to this statement, the amendment to elect Judges and Attorneys General by the people is adopted by a majority of 18,082. The amendment relative to new counties is defeated by 7520 majority.

A gentleman brought an action recently in one of the Ohio courts against the owners of a steamboat on which he had lost a trunk containing \$2,000. The court held that they were bound to pay for the loss of ordinary baggage, but not for any thing of unusual value, unless it was made known to them beforehand, so that they could take extra care, and charge an extra price for carrying it. Accordingly, the jury brought in a verdict allowing him \$300—the value of the trunk and the clothing in it—but disallowing the \$2,000.

The wheat production of Ohio is estimated to average 25,000,000 bushels per annum, of which 13,000,000 are surplus. It is said that about only one-fifth of the land in the State is under cultivation. While some of the premium crops exceed fifty bushels to the acre, the average yield of the State will not exceed 16 bushels.

Virginia, although the "mother of Presidents," is not very careful of the memory of her great men. Jefferson's tomb is in ruins; the grave of Madison cannot now be recognized; and the estate of Washington she has permitted to be sold to a company of speculators.

EVERY WORD TRUE.—It is a great and unhappy prevalent error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of company and temptations for several years, that it will be time enough to break them yet. This mistake makes half our spendthrifts, gamblers, thieves, and drunkards. No man would deal so with his garden or lot; no man would raise a colt or puppy on such a principle.—Take notice, parents, unless you till the new soil and throw in good seed, the devil will have a crop of poison weeds before you know what is taking place. Look at your dear children, and think whether you will leave their safety to run at hazard, or whether you should not train them in the way they should go.

THE editor of the Kentucky Flag says: "We witnessed two important days while in Washington. The first was the fourth of March—the other was March fourth. The first was most interesting—the latter most solemn."

THOUGHT WITH SPAIN EXPECTED.—It is generally expected among the diplomats of Paris and London that the mission of Mr. Soule to Spain will create some serious trouble, if it does not lead to war, between the United States and Spain, before the termination of his mission at Madrid. We have heard from reliable authority that Mr. Soule, in passing through Paris, talked very freely in diplomatic circles of the object and purpose of his going to Spain, and intimated that he intended to inscribe his name on the history of his adopted country in such a way as would not be forgotten in a hurry. Some suppose that his peculiar talents and qualifications are very much like those of the famous Genet, who, during the first republican government of France, created such a stir in this country, and almost set France and the United States at loggerheads.

Whether you are playing on the stage or the world, your characters should be well dressed. Broadcloth is generally received with smiles, though covering a rascal; while linen woolsey is rather run upon, though covering a patriot.

A SCREAMER.—In New Jersey they have an actress called the "Singing Wonder," who has been known to run up the chromatic scale so fast, that the organ, which ought to have accompanied her, stopped for want of wind!

DIPLOMACY—the art of saying something when you have got nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you have really got something to say.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, wash them early at night and open them early in the morning.

CHANGE IN THE CABINET.—The Herald still urges upon the President to change his Cabinet, and says:

"Integrity to the compromises of 1850, and to the public voice pronounced in 1852, cannot be maintained so long as General Pierce is surrounded by a Cabinet whose real opinions are in conflict with both. Gov. Marcy, with slight variations, has been occupied for more than twenty years with the Van Buren of this State. The life of his politics is derived from them. When they seceded from the democracy, and unfurled the pirate flag of abolition, he halted, shivered for a moment, abandoned the constitution, and adhered to the Van Buren. He stands committed to all the measures of that wing of fanaticism and intrigue. Col. Davis occupies the opposite extreme. By a well known law these two champions of faction have been brought together. Skilled in enmities, unknown to friendships, learned in management, they have filled the administration with errors and well high paralyzed its usefulness and destroyed its character. They at least are a unit, in the language of the court bulletins of the day. But they are not alone. McClelland, obeying his well known abolition instincts, too weak to stand by himself, easily fell into Marcy's hands, by whom he was set to play out the dummy cards of the free soil and secession gamblers. When we look at the canvass of 1850, at the Baltimore platform, at Gen. Pierce's letter accepting the nomination, at his inaugural address, at his known opinions previously expressed, at his past associations, at the condition of public sentiment now and here all at the signs of rebellion which come from every part of the country, have we not a right to infer that there will be a prompt dismissal of the Cabinet, and a reorganization of the administration on principles more in harmony with the opinions and views of the American people?"

FACTS BEFORE FACTS.—The danger of steamboat travelling is much overrated, and the same may be said of Railroads, let alarmists say what they will. For the truth of this assertion I appeal to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury. The Secretary says: "Our whole number of steamboats amounts to 1390; tonnage, 417,236 tons; manned by 29,277 men, and carrying besides freight, 10,000,000 of passengers in the year 1852." In this vast travel only 750 lives were lost. If this is true, and we have no reason to doubt it, then the risk of steamboat travelling amounts to one traveller blown up in 53,205.

In a lottery, where there were 53,000 blanks to a prize, the adventurer would deem his chance next to nothing. WHAT RUN WILL DO!—A man was arrested in Wilmington, Del., a few days ago, for stealing \$55. He was once a man of some wealth, an esteemed citizen, one of the members of the Wilmington City Council, and one of the most popular men in the city. He had a wife and nine interesting children. But the demon of intemperance took hold of him—he spent his money—his wife died; some say heart broken—his eldest daughter, a beautiful and amiable girl, soon followed her mother to the grave, and he himself, still in the prime of life, is now a confirmed drunkard.

"MOTHER TOLD ME NOT TO FIGHT."—Yesterday evening, while passing home, we observed in the street a crowd of boys, all apparently of a very youthful age, engaged in what we thought a general quarrel, wishing to find out the nature of the disturbance, we approached near them. We found that a lad smaller, than any of the rest, and of exceedingly delicate frame, was the object of ridicule from his comrades. Just as we came up to them, the largest of the boys slapped him in the face, when simultaneously the lads arm was raised, his lips compressed and his eyes flashed fire—the very picture of heroic courage and resentment, but checking himself ere the contemplated blow was struck, he turned silently away. All the rest cried with one voice—"coward." Again his eyes flashed light sparks, but conquering his anger after a struggle, he replied: "Mother told me not to fight." Never did we hear such a heroic expression couched in so simple language.—Would that there were more such boys as this.

BALTIMORE, October 12. A passenger by the British mail steam ship Arabia, reports that a dispatch was received at Liverpool just before she sailed, stating that a portion of the allied fleets had gone to Constantinople to protect Europeans from the fury of the Musselmans. In New York, during the last three days, there have been more sellers than buyers, and 1600 bales of Cotton have changed hands. In addition to the failure of Mr. Simeon Draper, mentioned on Tuesday, it is said that others are shaky. BALTIMORE, Oct. 11. Simeon Draper, well known in the financial world has failed in New York. Collector Bronson, of New York has written a severe reply to Mr. Guthrie's letter. He will probably be removed from his office. Mr. Barnabas Bates, of New York whose efforts in the cause of cheap postage are widely known and appreciated, is dead. It has been discovered in Boston that G. W. Mason has committed forgeries to the extent of \$200,000. BALTIMORE, Oct. 12. The Hon. Jefferson Davis has written a letter to the Washington Sentinel in which he denies the existence of a Free Soil Party and recognises the orthodoxy of the "Softs."

The man that undertook to wrestle with a gallon of rum, met with a most signal defeat. He was gassed in less time than you could throw a somerset. The railroad contractors are greatly in want of laborers to prosecute the numerous works now in course of construction in the vicinity of Chicago. They are offering as high as \$1.25 and even \$1.50 per day for road hands.

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IS THE WHIG PARTY DEAD?

Under this head, the Baltimore Patriot has an excellent article from which we extract a few paragraphs. In speaking of the proceedings of the Whig National Convention of 1852, the writer pays the following tribute to Daniel Webster and Millard Fillmore: "Two men were brought forward, the name of either of whom could have kindled all over the land the beacon fires of a vigilant campaign. For one, all sexes, all ages, all conditions of our country people cherished a fond, proud admiration, which needed no torches of party, no mobs, no riotous demonstrations, to kindle the fires of the Pacific. The turkey buzzards of the South, the foxes of the North, all looked towards the same centre, as if certain of their prey. Like the followers of a camp, when the victory is declared, they hung upon his front, and flank, and rear, interlocked by his brow—strained by his motions, they bounded on by his promises, and the piecemeal dispensation of the booty. More repulsive or disagreeable scenes were scarcely witnessed in the Saturnalia of the Roman republic, when the spoils of Antiochus were given to the conquering army. Barren, sterile, and unproductive, were the fields of the Whigs, who have been in Italian cities, in Naples, or Rome, where the traveler at every step is almost crushed by the beggling hazzards; where a crew of dirty, whining, lazy leopards hunt stop his way, and defend his ears, with cries and prayers for alms, have seen a pendant piece exhibited at Washington, by American citizens, under the approving eye of an American President. Our faces grow crimson as we write this truth of the descendants of Washington, Jefferson, Mason, and Jay. Oh! all place but such as the free voices of their fellow-citizens conferred; but you go about seeking it, cringing for it, buying it, and your young President, who ought to have the ingenious feelings of youth, if not the stern integrity of age, prolongs, and protracts, and encourages the debasement."

The New York Tribune, basing its calculation upon the rail road statistics furnished by the London Statistical Society, and which give among other things, the average number of miles traversed to one passenger killed, comes to the conclusion that if a rail road should be built to the sun, every passenger would be the laws of chances, be killed before reaching his fiery destination. At the ordinary rate and speed, it would take 514 years to reach the sun; but 225 years of continuous rail road traveling brings the passenger up, and this would only carry him a little more than half way to the sun. In Germany, however, the statistics are more favorable to human life, for during the years 1848, 1849, and 1850, on a length of railway over of 8180 English miles, the number of passengers conveyed was 51,713,297, the miles traveled 1,155,456,890, only one passenger had been killed. It will be altogether best, therefore, that when the rail road is built to the sun, it shall be under German management.

THE TROY Post states that a constable of that city, and one of his aids, were put to flight by an Irish woman, whose day they had killed. With her child in one arm and an unloaded pistol in the hand of the other, she gave them a long chase. In reply to Patrick, who inquired "if she would have plucked 'em," she replied, "Sure, that I would, if the pistol had been loaded. But as it is, I've given the soundest devil of a fright."

DISCHARGE OF DR. STEINER.—The charge against Dr. Steiner, U. S. A., for killing Major Arnold, U. S. A., was investigated by C. N. Brooks, Esq., a Justice of the Peace for Hill county, Texas, on the 16th of September, who, after hearing the evidence relative thereto, discharged Dr. Steiner on the ground that the homicide was committed in self-defense.

A WILD MAN.—A man named Williams was stopping at the United States Hotel, at Cincinnati, on Monday, who might justly be styled a "wild man." He eats nothing that is cooked, nor drinks any thing but water. His meat, potatoes, and all his vegetables—cabbages, turnips, &c., are raw. He alleges that he has not eaten any cooked food for several years, and that any deviation from his present mode of living would most probably cause his death. He resides in Iowa, and is on his way to Washington to make a purchase of some U. S. land.

AN experiment was lately tried in England, to ascertain how quickly a railway train, under full headway, might be stopped. The train was allowed to attain a speed of fifty miles an hour when three brakes were applied, the steam shut off, and the engine disarranged. It came to a dead stand, the running about five hundred yards. The experiment was tried to ascertain if a signal of danger could be seen in season to stop the train.

BROKEN BANKS.—Who that has had a few dollars in bank bills at home, upon hearing of the failure of a bank, has not felt anxious until he has ascertained that the little hoard is not lost by the stoppage of the institution? We heard a good story of a fellow who related his experience in the matter when the Nohant Bank failed. "As soon as I heard of it," says he, "my heart jumped right up into my mouth. Now, think I, 'I s'pose I've got any bills on that bank? I'm a goner, that's a fact. So, you see, I on coat and put for home as fast as my legs would carry me—run, run all the way. So when I got there, I looked, and found I hadn't got any bills on that bank—or any other. I felt some easier."

Hope is a bright and beautiful bird; it comes to us, mid darkness, and sings the sweetest song when our spirits are saddest, and when the sun is weary and longs to pass away, it warms its sunniest notes, and tightens again the slender fibres of our hearts, that grief has been tearing away.

Virtue is rewarded in France by prizes. A prize of 2000fr. has been awarded to Etienne Chanouff, a faithful servant, who had served his mistress, unhappily married, through every vicissitude and reverse of fortune, supported her and daughter in poverty, and now, at sixty years of age, leaves apartments in Paris to support her mistress, who is poor and ill. Such devotion deserves reward.

The Hon. Mahlon Dickerson, Secretary of the Navy, under the administration of Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, died on the 6th inst., in New Jersey, in the 84th year of his age.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

An article in Putnam's Magazine, in relation to Gen. Pierce and the administration, thus refers to the scramble for the spoils under the present "brilliant" democratic dynasty:—

"Mr. Pierce made no attempt to avert the flagitious practice, (of Proscription.) On the other hand his approach to Washington, was the signal for the gathering of all the crows and jackals of party, from the States of Pennsylvania to the sands of the Pacific. The turkey buzzards of the South, the foxes of the North, all looked towards the same centre, as if certain of their prey. Like the followers of a camp, when the victory is declared, they hung upon his front, and flank, and rear, interlocked by his brow—strained by his motions, they bounded on by his promises, and the piecemeal dispensation of the booty. More repulsive or disagreeable scenes were scarcely witnessed in the Saturnalia of the Roman republic, when the spoils of Antiochus were given to the conquering army. Barren, sterile, and unproductive, were the fields of the Whigs, who have been in Italian cities, in Naples, or Rome, where the traveler at every step is almost crushed by the beggling hazzards; where a crew of dirty, whining, lazy leopards hunt stop his way, and defend his ears, with cries and prayers for alms, have seen a pendant piece exhibited at Washington, by American citizens, under the approving eye of an American President. Our faces grow crimson as we write this truth of the descendants of Washington, Jefferson, Mason, and Jay. Oh! all place but such as the free voices of their fellow-citizens conferred; but you go about seeking it, cringing for it, buying it, and your young President, who ought to have the ingenious feelings of youth, if not the stern integrity of age, prolongs, and protracts, and encourages the debasement."

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SOMEBODY'S BOY.

"Don't kick that boy! He's somebody's boy—don't you know it? We were walking rapidly along Warren street, but the voice arrested our steps, and we turned to look at the owner. He was a stout fellow of about fifteen, as ragged and unkempt as a two years' old. His hands resembled a couple of non-descript toads, and as for his countenance, whatever of Crotus might have passed his lips, he took good care to put none on his face. That frontispiece of his, though, as you might infer from his words, was, barring the deep shading, a good one. There was a merry, daring kind of look in his eye, and a good-natured curve at the corners of his mouth. Under one arm was a roll of handkerchiefs, and extending threateningly from the extremity of the other, was a post-kettle. Altogether, he evidently had the raw material for an out-and-out fellow of some sort—nothing by halves, but either good enough for a pattern or bad enough for a proverb. Another of about the same size, but with the look of a young Nero, was just in the act of "letting up" one of the most squalid and pitiable morsels of humanity it was ever our lot to encounter. This tyrant, from certain appearances beneath the eye of the little fellow, varied to a blue, and thus distinguished from the surrounding blackness, had evidently had him in his hand, when some other bad place. The determined air with which our little champion for human rights accompanied his "don't kick the boy—he's somebody's boy," deterred him from further demonstrations. They talk of tabernacles—here was one worth somebody's pencil: our Wilburite in the foreground, his greasy, tattered cap flung back from his brow, his eyes sparkling with manly indignation, the symbol of his craft waving threateningly aloft; the recipient of these attentions, relinquishing his hold, with a sulkily intimidated look, and the little victim, every rag in a quiver with writhings and wraths, with the whites of his eyes staring and a cold sweat on his forehead, around them—would they furnish a study for an artist? "He's somebody's boy," Go back rather than after a principle, if you can. Add a better argument for equal rights and "good will to men," if you know how to look to the mother who bore him. Look to the mother of the child, the great dusty bosom of our common humanity. Seek a more appropriate embodiment of the "law of love," if you know where, than our actor number two presented, as muttering and cowardly he relinquished his post; and fish out from the gutter another, a sadder emblem of degradation than the first. Three will furnish. Somebody's boy indeed!—cried in sorrow, lapped in poverty, growing up to think that the law of the worm is the law for him; turn upon the foot that crushes, and that such is life.—New York Tribune.

TO WIND TO WIND.—The following very clever ditty was written by Percy Howe, editor of the Pine Knot.

"Twas on a cold autumnal night,
A dandy one to see,
Darted about the corner of a street,
A crowd of stout men in night,
As the thick forest of a night,
Murmured as usual—
Bent forward, "making" left and right;
When all at once he thought it right
Against an old deceiver;
At which he "rounded" too,
And "squaring" off, as if to fight,
Said with an oath I should not fight,
—Internal sound, you see,
Light—'n' I'll kick you, black or white!"

Just then above him flew
A few feathers on a branch did light,
An owl, which on the loosey wight,
To whom he came, to whom—
To who—to who—to who?
Quickly murmured—"Don't you think to fright
A fellow of my weight and height
With your ferret—how—who,
You cursed baghead!"
And if you're bold, his quite
Unnecessary you should fight.
For money matters are all right,
The Printer's paid up—honor bright!"

Thereat the owl withdrew,
And Muggins mizzled too,
But there were other chaps who might
Be caught out late some dead night,
Who had not paid what's due?
They know—to who—to who!

NO MORE WOOD OR COAL FEEL.—We verily believe that a way has been discovered of warming houses by burning gas that will do away with the use of wood and coal for all heating and culinary purposes. This will astonish old fogies; but we have entire confidence in the success of this great discovery, and have made arrangements to have the Mirror office warmed by this process. The flame from a single gas burner, such as we now use, can be diffused as to produce any required degree of heat—at a cost for gas, and that, too, at present city rates, of only about fifteen cents a day! We regard this discovery as one of the latest wonders. Most useful achievements of the age.—Mirror.

MARRY.—Jeremy Taylor says if you are for marriage, marry—if you prize rosy health, for money—and even if money be your object, marry. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man—his angel and minister of peace innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—his voice his sweetest music—his smiles, his brightest day—her kiss, the guardian of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful counselors—her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

MARRIED.—In Belville, C. E., Aug. 18, Mr. Israel Satan and Miss Grace Parlor. Mankind are free, peace shall abound. Since Grace by Satan hath been found; And in full faith that peace is sent Israel by Grace hath pledged his bent. No more in deserts shall he roam, He's got a Parlor for his home.

The election in Georgia have resulted in the choice of Johnson Dean, as Governor, and J. L. Seward, A. H. Colquitt, A. J. Bailey, D. W. Dent, E. W. Chastain, J. H. Miller, Democrats, and D. A. Reese and A. H. Stephens, Whigs, as Representatives in Congress.

The yellow fever, in a magnificent form it is said, has broken out at Napoleon, Ark., a high point on the Mississippi.

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter, and its contents were gaping wide! The rosy wine had ebbed away and left its crystalline side; and the wind went humming, humming, up and down the sides it flew, and through the reed-like hollow neck, the wildest notes it blew. I placed it in the window where the blast was blowing free, and fancied that the pale moon sang the queerest strains to me, and told me—punny connoisseurs—the plague has slain his ten and war his hundred thousand of the very best of men; but I, 'twas thus the bottle spoke, "but I have conquered more than all your famous conquerors so feared and famed of yore. Then come ye youths and maidens all, come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dries the brain and turns the spirit up; that puts to shame the conquerors that slay their scores below; for he hath deluged millions with the lava tide of wo. Though in the paths of battle, darkest waves of blood may yet while killed the body, I have dried the very soul. The cholera, the plague, the sword, such ruin never wrought, as I in north or south, on the mountain heights, and still I breathe upon them, and they sink before my breath, and year by year my thousands tread the dimmed road to death."

A SUNDAY NIGHT IN NEW YORK.—The New York Times thus depicts a Sunday night in New York city:—

"Last Sunday night, in a walk from Nassau-st. to South Ferry, we had ample food for comment upon the fourth commandment.—Broadway was a perfect hell of drunkenness. A howling, staggering Pandemonium of bestial men. The side walks were traversed by men in every stage of intoxication, reeling to and fro like ships in a storm. The air was laden with snatches of drunken songs, fragments of filthy language, or incoherent shouts from those who were too drunk to articulate. Drunkenness in every dark lane and alley, only discoverable by its disgusting ravings. Drunkenness in the wide, lamp-lit streets, staggering along with swimming head, paralyzed limbs, and comendence of imbecile sensuality. Drunkenness lying in the kennels, atrociously reeking its foul breath. Drunkenness clinging to the lamp post. Drunkenness coiled up on the door steps, waiting to be robbed or murdered. Drunkenness screaming on the roofs of solitary omnibuses, or hanging half out of the windows of belated hackney cabs, and disturbing the night with incoherent and indistinct shouts from those who were too drunk to articulate. Drunkenness apparently steadily along, laughing idiotically to itself, and rehearsing the drunken jokes, the drunken songs, the drunken indecencies, that adorned the convivial meeting it had just left. Drunkenness waiting at the corners, shoring on benches, surrounded with its drunken crew, or falling off the edge of the pier into the water, and being fished out half sober.

"This is no exaggeration of the panorama of intoxication, which we saw, free of charge, on the Sunday night in question. We shuddered as we went along, and the question suggested itself to our minds, 'Is the entire city drunk?' On reaching the South Ferry, we saw drunkenness in its collective form.—Out of twenty or thirty people there collected, there was, besides the writer, only one sober person, and that was a woman."

BURNING EVIDENCE.—We perceive that threats are made in the New York Herald that the Secretary of the Treasury is to be burnt in effigy in the streets of the Empire City.—Very harmless as threats like these! Just such were powers of the present day that the Roman firmness of Andrew Jackson, in 1832 and 1833. Thomas Jefferson was not only honored with similar threats for his inflexible principles and his devotion to the undeveloped democracy, but in some parts of the country they were actually executed. We forewarn and warn the present day that the fires which flamed from the barbed of the great apostle of democracy proved to be the fiercest, fiercest enemies of the Union in the end were much more anxious to quench than they were at the first eager to light. Truly, "when the gods will destroy they first make mad."—Washington Union.

The application for new banks to be made to the next Legislature of Pennsylvania, exceed in amount of capital seven millions of dollars, and for re-chartering and extension of capital, over six millions—altogether, about thirteen and three-quarter millions of dollars. This, under the rule of banking, will form a basis for currency and bank credits to the amount of some fifty millions of dollars.

Sax gives the following advice to the rising generation: In going to parties just mind what you're at. Beware of your head, and take care of your hat. Let you find that a favorite son of your mother. Has an ache in the one and a brick in the other.

The Legislature of Vermont will assemble on the 13th instant. The House of Representatives will not have a majority of any party. A governor is to be chosen, and an attempt is to be made to elect a United States Senator.

There is a rumor in Washington of a probable collision between the Creek Indians and the U. S. Marshal, but it is hardly probable.

The constitutionality of the Liquor Law is to be tested in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, at Middlesex county, this month.

In a recent bankruptcy trial in London, it was proved that the firm applying for a certificate had begun business thirteen months ago, without one penny capital, and yet had purchased grain, in that period, to the value of a million of dollars or more.

A western editor says that modesty is a quality that highly adorns a woman and ruins a man.

A FISH STORY.

The following thrilling account is said to have been taken from the log book of a vessel some time since arrived in port:

In course of the voyage, that dreadful disease, ship fever, broke out among the crew.—One of the sailors, among the first victims, was accompanied by his son, a lad of fourteen years, who was strongly attached to his father and never could be persuaded to leave his sick father for a moment. A large shark was seen every day following the vessel, evidently for the purpose of devouring any one who should die and be committed to the deep. After lingering a few days, the sailor died. As it was the custom at sea, he was sewed up in a sheet, and for the purpose of sinking him, an old grindstone, and a carpenter's axe were put in with him. The very impressive services of the Episcopal church were then read, and the body committed to the deep. The poor boy who had watched the proceedings closely, played in after his father, when the enormous shark followed them, both.—The second day after this dreadful scene, as the shark continued to follow the vessel, (for there were other sick on the ship,) one of the sailors proposed, as they had a sharp hook on board, to make an effort to take him.

They fastened the hook to a large rope and baited it with a piece of pork, threw it into the sea, and the shark instantly swallowed it. Having thus baited him, by means of a whistler, they hoisted him by means of the sheet. Having thus baited him, they went to work and righted up the old grindstone—the boy was turning the father was holding on to the old ship carpenter's axe, for the purpose of cutting their way out of their Jonah-like prison, which occasioned the noise heard by the sailors. As it was the hottest season of the year, and very little air stirring when they were at work, they were both sweating tremendously.

"The proudest man on earth is but a pauper." We don't know who first said that, but it is as true as undeniable the existence of a great fish cure.

A HAPPY WORLD.—This is a happy world—who says to the contrary in a fool, or something worse.

Mr. John Monte, clerk of the Corporation of Georgetown, District of Columbia, has served that body for sixty years.

The St. Louis Republican says there can be no union of the democratic party in Missouri while Benton lives, and the next Legislature of that State will be white.

The "Memphis Bank" has been established at Memphis under the provisions of the Free Banking Law. This is the first free bank in that section of the State under this law.

The young fellow whose girl told him she didn't want him any longer, wears a fifty-six weight in his hat to prevent him from growing any more.

A Parisian has bought a span of horses at Cincinnati for \$800, and shipped them thence to Paris via New Orleans.

We never hear men, on making a bargain, use the common phrase, "We'll not quarrel about a trifle," without being sure that trouble is in the wind. Every contract, even one for the value of a dollar,